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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1502.

Choice Poetry.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

BY COATES KINNEY

When the kine of shadows gather
Home all the starry noon,
And the meadowy darkness
Slowly weeps on every town,
I'm a pet to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand sweet emotions
Wander dimly in my breast,
As I listen to the pattering
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to, years agone,
To murmur the sublime scripture
Ere she left them till the dawn:
I can see her bending o'er me,
As I listen to the verses
Which to-night are spoken in the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little sweetie comes
With her wings and merry lay,
And her bright eyed, cherub brother,
And a sister I call gay;
While around my mother's pillow
With the circle of our child-prayers,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to visit me
With her eyes delicious blue,
And I can't name it now for her,
That her heart was all mine;
I remember her! I remember!
As I never more love again,
And my heart's really mine choice
To the patter of the rain.

There at length is sis's lustrous
Tiny hand with such a ring
As she spies, deep conscious,
Where the lady pretty sits,
As that melody of nature—
That sublime, sublime strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain!

Pictures of Life.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY FREDERICK SHERMER, AUTHOR OF "THE NEIGHBORS," "HOME," &c.

TRANSLATION OF MARY HOWITT, FROM THE UNFINISHED SWEDISH MANUSCRIPT.

"Look! Axel, look, how the bridal lights shine up with them! Ah! look, look! have the wind and rain ceased, that they can illuminate? And now—now the wedding lights dance with them! Now—now they are coming! Now—now they are coming! Now—now they are coming! Oh, how they are merry now! Oh, how they are merry! Oh, how they are merry now! Oh, how they are merry! Oh, how they are merry! Oh, how they are merry

Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S
HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.

The Scandinavian Countries, NORWAY, SWEDEN AND DENMARK.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

I wish to say to the audience a few words concerning the character of the Empire of Russia, before I go on with the Scandinavian countries. I wish to express upon this subject what I have a very deep sense of the progress of civilization in Russia; but it takes a long time for civilization to advance very sensibly in any country. It must be remembered that one hundred and fifty years ago, Russia was almost entirely an Asiatic country, and under the circumstances, I think there has been a very great progress made. The nobles and inhabitants of large cities, are much more enlightened, and the latter class is gaining every day more knowledge of their social and political rights. It is in the large cities of a country that this kind of knowledge must always begin, from the necessity of the case; for in such large collections of people only, can general intelligence be extensively circulated. As to the masses of the people in Russia, however, they are not yet fit for any thing like political freedom, although I have no doubt that they will become so, in progress of time. The Emperor is doing a great deal among them to improve their condition; of the forty-eight millions of serfs contained in the Empire, ten millions belong to the Emperor, as they say, or belong to the Crown, or Government, as we would say. They never speak of the Government, in Russia, or of the Crown; they say instead, "the Emperor." Louis XIV., of France, in his time said, "*L'etat est moi.*" "I am the State." Without any idea to the extent of power, was authorized to say it, Nicholas of Russia might so express himself with much more truth and justice. The serfs which are called him, are not to be regarded exactly in the light of personal property; for they own sources of the public revenue, but still he may do with them pretty much as he pleases. These Crown peasants are highly valuable, too, as contributors to the public treasury; they generally pay their yearly tribute in money, perhaps as much as three or four dollars of our money, per head, on every one of them between the years of age in that paid for. The farmer, however, frequently pay in the produce of their labor, something one-third or one-half of what they raise; much is necessary, most necessarily pay in money. I have said that the Emperor is doing much to promote education among them, and they are advancing very fast. So far as the purpose of Minister of Public Instruction, who is one of the very best men in the Cabinet, and he enters into the business of his office heart and hand; and although as yet he cannot have a very large sum for of children in the public schools, he has much encouragement to persevere, and the schools are increasing in number every day. The time will come when these serfs will be the owners of the land which they now cultivate—at least the great numbers of them; the time will come, too, when they will be properly fitted for the exercise of the duties and privileges of freemen; and it is then that they will secure their freedom. This time is not so very far off, and I dare say that before another century has passed, Russia will be ahead in the constitutional liberty.

In Russia, in Asia, or Siberia, the inhabitants are not at all civilized, and taking the whole Empire as it is, I doubt whether any other form of government than the present one for their sanctity is applicable to them. But it will not be so fifty or a hundred years hence, when they have secured to themselves some of the appliances of civilization. They are already beginning to make railroads, and with their later country and great abundance of iron and labor—if they cannot to employ the army upon them they can soon be run all over the country. Am I have no doubt at all that they will do this—and when it is done, we will find its great effect upon the masses. The great progress of commerce and manufacture is doing much to encourage the Government in its measures for the improvement of the people.

I see clearly that Russia will continue to advance, although it will take a long time to bring up the masses from their degraded and generate state. I am somewhat surprised that the Government does not exert itself more effectually to put down intemperance among the people. Drunkenness prevails to a great extent. The Emperor himself is well disposed towards its suppression, but his measures are not, some time ago, Nicholas ordered his Minister of Finance to suppress the distilleries throughout his Empire, and that officer—one of the best and most efficient in the Cabinet—gave up his portfolio in consequence of the order. He said that he would not undertake to raise the revenue ed to collect it from the distilleries, which, in Russia, are monopolized by the Government;—and Nicholas was obliged to withdraw his order and compound the Minister to accept his portfolio again. These distilleries are very numerous in Russia, and the revenue derived from them is equal to thirty or forty millions of our dollars; they make brandy of every call it, for which we would call whiskey, and it will be a mess seen that the consumption of it by the people must be immense. This intemperance is the ruin of the masses, and frequently counteracts the measures taken by the Government for the improvement of the people. The Minister at Finance, although he cannot prohibit it, endeavors to keep intemperance within bounds. He told me that he had reduced the number of grog shops to one in each village, and that he would not dare to touch yet. Formerly, however, there were frequently a dozen of them somewhere in one small village, and all of them well supported. Nevertheless, civilization will advance in time.

As regards the Government of Russia, it is, as you know, a despotic one. Indeed, the Emperor can do just as he pleases, but his despotism is the best part of it, I think, as he uses his power only to effect good purposes. His officers, however, are in many cases, and, no doubt, will be passed, and give a vast deal of trouble; there is much corruption among them, and the Emperor is deceived as much as any other person with respect to his Empire. The lower officers, however, will die, and be they old; more of them are very condescending, and disposed to oblige; but the great majority of these subordinates deal with ridiculous pretenses to the very letter of the law. They obey orders exactly, doing just what they are told, and nothing more. There is an instance of this in point. Some years ago, Nicholas wished to raise a monument to his two brother Alexander, in the city of St. Petersburg, and he sent some of his men to Finland, to purchase that would make a column eighty feet high—of a sort of reddish sand-stone which is very abundant in that country. The Emperor supposed that with a column of eighty feet, and a pedestal of forty-five, he would have a respectable monument. He even fixed a sheet which would make a column of one hundred and ten feet, and in their stupidity or, call them, for it! This is just like them, having not the least judgment of their own. The result was that they frequently exemplified on their subordinate conduct these officers. I was one day passing from Russia into Poland, when they wound my trunk, and went to work examining what was inside I said; it was in vain. The Emperor knew in fact that the books were just brought from St. Petersburg, and therefore could in no way injure their country. My fellow-travellers escaped very well, for upon being interrogated in German, they could not answer, and were allowed to pass; but I was not conversant as to understand the language, and they took advantage of it. They took up the first book, and asked, "What is this?" "Titus," said I, "by my Bible, and being in English, cannot, of course, concern you." They went upon my, and what are these books?" "Those are two in manuscript; given me by the Minister of the Emperor; they are not of a great deal of value, but still I want not like to lose them." "You must give them up, and what is the next book?" "That is a note-book of my travels, which I am filling as I pass through these countries." "It must be given up; what is that?" "Why, you stupid fellows," said I, "do you not see that that is a blank book, and has nothing at all in print" "You must give it up," and they took from me all my books. I now and then got them back again, however, for they sent them on to Warsaw, and when I arrived there, I went to the Governor, and told him the circumstances. He said it was just like that ignorant subordination, and he returned all the books to me. Thus will give you some idea of the difficulties of Russian Government; and I can assure you that no one is more aware of them than the Emperor himself. He said to me, "You have no idea of the great difficulty of the task I have undertaken," and he said, with great feeling, "I have need of the prayers of Christians." I do not think him a religious man, by any means, although his own people think that he is very much of a Christian; he goes to church, however, very regularly, and there may be something in that; indeed, he spoke to me with great contempt of a certain monarch in Europe, who, he had heard, never went to church. Moreover, Nicholas every day reads a chapter in his Bible, for his brother Alexander, before he died, made him promise to do this. I do not give you these accounts in proof of his piety, but as showing that he is a man who feels conscientiously the responsibility of his station, and endeavors to discharge his duties faithfully.

In regard to the laws of Russia, they consist wholly of the ukases, or decrees, of their Emperors; for a long time these have multiplied without any connection, and were of very little effect in many cases, but lately the people have been giving more attention to the subject, and have, or are about having, a code of laws established, by the ruling of their consulter, and are no longer governed by the will of a single man, which is attracting much attention, and has many friends.

In his legislative power the Emperor is assisted by a regular Cabinet and a Senate of one hundred men; this latter is a constituted body, and has vast influence upon the Government. Besides these, each of the governments, of which fifty-six in number, has two governors, one a civil and the other a military ruler, and you will be surprised to hear what a vast amount of local government there is in Russia, all the people having in some way engaged in it. In the villages, they have general meetings of the people. They have several different lines of boards, which resemble, more than anything else in Europe, the town-meetings of our own country.

And now in regard to the Scandinavian countries, they are incomparatively more advanced in civilization than Russia, although in a very different affair, when you come to speak of Norway and Sweden, and the three people were very much alike; they all have the fair complexion, straight hair, and have much of the character of the inhabitant of the North of Europe. And here, too, it was in Scandinavia, and in Germany, where you will see more red-haired people in one day, than you will see in a month in the United States. The Scandinavians, however, are very much the Scotch Highlanders, and indeed they are supposed to be a former branch of the Celts with Scotland; it is the Scotch emigrations, and the Scotch people, which have given to the Scotch the Norwegians their great resemblance to the Highlanders in person and in character, for the Scandinavians are a warm-hearted people, of great perseverance and great energy of character, and they are as much reliable as the French or Irish, but much more even-tempered than either of these people were among them, as they have shown by their great progress and proficiency in the arts of peace.

The Scandinavian nations is derived from the Latin word *Scandia*, which was the name given, by the ancient geographers, to Sweden; and from the name was afterwards extended to the Norwegians and Danes, I have no doubt, on account of the great resemblance which all these people bear to one another. As to the Latin etymology of *Scandia*, I am not pretend to explain it all; it was probably given merely on account of some striking local peculiarity. The parts of Denmark bordering on Germany are much more Saxon than Scandinavian in character, especially the Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg.

In regard to the early history of the Scandinavian countries, we can go back only as far as Odin and his followers, or at least we do not need go back any further than that. I can read the Swedish or Danish historians, however, in the original language, and I intend to spend a part of next year in the very gates of Noah's Ark, and the Swedish Kings are traced in a regular line from Odin himself. Every educated person, indeed, has a complete history in their mania; there, however, you need not believe more than two cases. As to the real history of these countries it is very much the same as that of Europe when the Roman first began to hear of them—when the numerous Cimbri moved from them, through Germany and France, and on to the varied Italy. There were three hundred thousand of them in all, moving and extremely brave and warlike men, they met with very little difficulty in their progress through Germany, for they were all tribes of barbarians, and the moment they gave the Romans a great deal of trouble, and it was not until the latter, had suffered many defeats that the barbarians received any check.

At last, however, one of the most celebrated leaders that Germany has ever produced arose, and he gave them a terrible defeat; three or four hundred thousand men were slain, and they settled among the Alps. Their descendants have always been warlike, and they are the Switzers, or Helvetii, west there, he said he found no difficulty in conversing with them. Many of them, or, rather, Modern Europe had, no doubt, descended as ancestors of these people who fought for Alps, and are quite interesting.

When the Cimbri left Denmark and the surrounding countries, they must have left the most resolute people, they must have left the country almost destitute. There could not have been a great population there; it is not now, but two thousand years ago, it is not probable that it numbered one half of its present; I conclude, therefore, that when the Cimbri emigrated they left their country almost destitute of inhabitants. They left expressly to fight and conquer the South of Europe, and they took their families with them, with the intention of settling there permanently. They had heard that Italy was a much finer country than their own, and they determined to go there, but were met by the Romans, and they were slain in the battle of the Alps, and the Scandinavian countries in Roman history. After the emigration of the Cimbri, we hear of no considerable tribe who was the very last Asiatic Prince, who, with his followers, reached the Scandinavian countries. They settled principally on the Danish Isles in the Baltic Sea, and on the coast of Sweden. Odin himself, after a long reign, died near Upsal, in the latter country, and his remains are deposited in a large mound there. Sweden and Denmark—each of these countries governed by one of his sons—for a number of hundred years. Another branch of his family engaged with their followers in the conquest of Norway, for a very long time, and when the Saxons came over and conquered England, in the fifth century, they were led by two more brothers, Hengist and Horsa, who claimed to be lineal descendants from Odin. Now, I think we could trace that pure line of the Scandinavian countries, in general terms, to the time of Christ; but, as introduced the religion and laws which he brought with him from Asia, and his system of religion was a very curious one, indeed. He was a very learned man, and a great legislator, and his country Mansions, man's country, or earth, and from these facts, the whole Scandinavian mythology originated.

About the 4th century, as I have said, you again hear of these people. When the Roman Empire went to pieces, the Saxons, as we know, conquered England, and the other kings of Ostrogothe invaded Italy, and the Vandals took possession of the South of Spain and Africa, and the last death, came from the Isle of Rugen, in the Baltic Sea, which still bear the names of Gothland and Ostrogothland, and from the ancient Swedish and Danish

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Where all kinds of Printing, Ruling and Book Binding, Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Checks, Labels, &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and at the most reasonable terms.
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THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The Boston Post states that Mr. Paine has at length perfected his ingenious apparatus for evolving hydrogen and oxygen gases from water, by the agency of electricity, generated by mechanical means. The gases then obtained may be used for light, heat and motive power, and have already, the Post says, been practically tested for the two first named purposes, on a small scale, with most satisfactory results.

At a recent exhibition, at Mr. Paine's residence, only one small burner brilliantly lighted the room. The Post says:

The light was exceedingly strong and white, and as pure light as the most delicate coloured lens and green in some colored prints could be instantly obtained at a distance of several feet from the burner, (a common gas-burner) which was supplied with gas from a pipe whose bore was smaller but one eighth of an inch.

At the conclusion of the experiments with the light, the mode of using the gas for heating was shown. A common Argand burner was attached to a tube, two circular plates of copper, a few inches from the floor, was lighted, and in a few minutes the room was genial, warm and dry, and throughout the apartment. That the ventilation was perfect the light and heat burned brilliantly and from the same source below, and their expression of satisfaction was unanimous. Mr. Paine says they abstract when they were let down into the cellar the moisture the ascending gases had evolved by which the gas was made. The test contained 1 foot in width by 2 inches square, and 8 feet in depth. We cannot give the details of the interesting experiments, but will simply say that as to the same indicator, it evolves nitrogen electricity, and carbonic acid gas, and that from the above apparatus but three tea full copper wires into the decomposing cell, and that in less than an hour and a half, and at equal intervals of time, and partly filled with water in this jar, by the action of the electrical current, oxygen and hydrogen gas alone was formed from the water, whereof, passed into the gasometer, and thence to burners, about the size of a barrel each. The pole, at which oxygen is liberated, when the gas is set on fire, passed in a the ground, as that hydrogen gas was evolved by the action of positive power (a current

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In Russia, in Asia, or Siberia, the inhabitants are not at all civilized, and taking the whole Empire as it is, I doubt whether any other form of government than the present despotic one is exactly a applicable to them. But it will not be in fifty or a hundred years hence, when they have secured to themselves some of the appliances of civilized life. They are already beginning to make railroads, and with their love, curiosity and great abundance of iron and labor—if they choose to employ the army upon them—they can soon be run all over the country. And I have no doubt at all that they will do this, and when it is done, we will find its good effects upon the masses. The great progress of commerce and manufacture is doing much to encourage the Government in its measures for the improvement of the people.

I see clearly that Russia will continue to advance, although it will take a long time to bring up the masses from their degraded and ignorant state. I am somewhat surprised that the Government does not exert itself more effectually to put down intemperance among the people. Intemperance prevails to a great extent. The Emperor himself is well disposed towards its suppression, but his measures are not met. Some time ago, Nicholas ordered his Minister of Finance to propose to the Legislature throughout the Empire, and that officer—one of the best and most efficient in the Cabinet—gave up his portfolio in consequence of the order. He said that he would not undertake to raise the revenue of 60 millions from the distilleries, which, in Russia, are monopolized by the Government;—and Nicholas was obliged to withdraw his order, and compelled the Minister to accept his post again. These distilleries are very numerous. Even on the 1st day of January last, the

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At a recent exhibition, at Mr. Paine's residence, only one small burner had been used to light the room. The Post says:

The light was exceedingly strong and white, and so pure that the most delicate shades of lace and gauze in some adjacent drawers could be distinctly distinguished at a distance of several feet from the burner. A common gas burner, which was supplied with gas from a pipe whose diameter did not exceed one quarter of an inch, was then substituted for the light was being extinguished, the water being shut off from the gas generator which was supplied with gas from a pipe whose diameter did not exceed one quarter of an inch.

After some time that the light was being extinguished, the water being shut off from the gas generator which was supplied with gas from a pipe whose diameter did not exceed one quarter of an inch.

A small jet of pure hydrogen, between two fine circular plates of iron, was found three inches from the floor, was lighted, and in a few minutes an equal degree of heat was diffused throughout the apartment. That the astonished party had not been deceived by any optical illusion from the same source below, and their expressions of delight and astonishment were unbounded. They should no longer need to go down into the cellar to examine the exceedingly complex machinery which has wrought this wonder. The light was so strong if was about 18 inches deep. It was generated by the decomposition of water, but will simply state that, the machinery, it evolves magnetic electricity, by purely mechanical action. From the above-mentioned three tun fist copper wires into the decomposing jar, which was about two inches in height and six or eight inches in diameter, not partly filled with water; in this jar, by the action of the electricity just spoken of, pure hydrogen gas alone was formed from the water, which, as it was evolved, was conducted through a pipe to the place where it was lighted. The point, at which oxygen gas is evolved, is at the bottom, under the ground, so that the gas, as it is evolved by the action of the machine, is conducted through a pipe to the place where it is lighted. The machinery is exceedingly simple, and was open to view. A Mr. Peaney, who was present, told the Paine says that the cost of carbonizing the gas he has tested is less than one-fourth the cost of using it

Selected Poetry.

OUR CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

"*The Beautiful cometh, and returns not.*"

They are strident, fleshy strokes:
Form and feature grown each breath,
And the shadows round them thicken,
Of the darkness that is Death.
We see with them nothing o'er them,
And the veil is never rent;
Would that I had passed before them,
To the darkness that is Death!

They are sleeping, calmly sleeping,
In the grave-yard, still and lone,
Where the winds, above them sweeping,
Make a melancholy moan.
Thickly round us, fleshy clay in,
In the pall of sorrow drest,
And our heart-beats make the chorus
Of the melancholy moan.

They are waxing, brightly waking,
From the slumbers of the tomb,
And, encircled in Light, forsaking
Its impenetrable gloom.
They are rising, they have risen,
And their spirit-forms illume,
In the darkness of Death's prison,
The impenetrable gloom.

They are passing, upward passing,
Through the regions of our love;
And their spirit-forms are glassing
In the beautiful above:
There we see them—there we hear them—
Through our dreams they come to cheer them—
And we long to be among them.
In the beautiful above.

They are gone, gently gone to sunset,
Where the river of Life is flowing
In the far-off Silent Land.
We shall receive them—we shall miss them
From our bowers little band!
Yet we cannot shield still nearer them
In the far-off Silent Land.

They are singing, sweetly singing,
For beyond the vale of Night,
Where the angel-harps are ringing,
And the Day is ever bright,
We can love them—we can greet them
From the land of distant light.
Till God takes us hence to meet them
Where the Day is ever bright.

National Era.

A Singular Story.

SINGULAR INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MADAME M'CLARION.

The occurrence related in the letter which we are about to quote, is a remarkable instance of those alleged supernatural visitations which it has been found so difficult to explain and account for. It does not appear to have been known in Scott, however, or any other English writer who has collected and endeavored to expound these ghostly phenomena.

Clarens was the greatest tragedian that ever appeared on the French stage; holding on it a supremacy similar to that of Siddons on our own. She was a woman of powerful intellect, and had the merit of effecting a complete revolution in the French school of tragic acting; substituting for an easy, varied, and natural delivery for the stilted and monotonous declamation in vogue until then prevailed, and being the first to consult classic taste and propriety of costume. Her mind was cultivated by habits of intimacy with the most distinguished men of her day: and she was one of the most brilliant ornaments of those literary circles which the contemporary memoir-writers describe as existing in the latter half of the age of corruption, unparalleled in modern times. Mademoiselle Clarion was not proof against the temptations to which her position exposed her. But a lofty pride, and great religious principles, which she retained amidst a generation of infidels and scoffers, saved her from open degradation, and enabled her to spend an honorable old age, beyond the usual period of human life, in respectability and honor.

She died in 1803, at the age of eighty. She was nearly seventy when the following letter was written. It was addressed to M. Henri Meister, a man of some eminence among the literati of that period: the associate of Grimm, D'Holbach, *fils*, and Madame Necker, &c., and the collaborateur of Grimm in his famous "Correspondance." This gentleman was Madame Clarion's literary executor: and the letter was trusted with her Memoirs, written by herself, and published after her death.

With this preface we give Mademoiselle Clarion's narrative, written in her old age, of an occurrence which had taken place half a century before.

"In 1743, my youth, and my success on the stage, had drawn round me a good many admirers. M. de S——, who was a gentleman of Brittany, about thirty years old, handsome, and possessed of considerable talents, was one of those who were most strongly attached to me. His conversation and manners were those of a man of education and good society, and the reserve and timidity which distinguished his attentions made a favorable impression on me.

After a green-room acquaintance of some time, I permitted him to visit me at my house, as a better knowledge of his character and character was not to his advantage. Instead of being only a lounger, he was squandering his fortune at Paris under an assumed title. His temper was severe and gloomy; he knew enough of the world, he said, not to despise and avoid them. He wished to see no one but me, and desired from me, in return, a similar sacrifice of the world. I saw from this request its insanity, for no one's sake as well as mine, of destroying his hopes by reducing our intercourse to terms of too close society. My behavior to him was that of a cool distance, during which I showed him every mark of friendly interest, but firmly refused to forward from the course I had adopted. My steadiness only deepened his misery, and unhappily at this time a treacherous relative, to whom he had intrusted the management of his affairs, took advantage of his absence to defraud him of his estate, and leaving him so destitute that he was obliged to borrow the little money he had for his subsistence, and the attendance which his condition required. He was then, lost, my way from the importance of never revealing the secret. I respect his memory, and I would not expose him to the insulting pity of the world. Frederic then, the religious silence, which, after many years, I have break for the first time.

"At length he recovered his property, his sister his health: and thinking I was doing him a service by keeping him at a distance from me, I constantly refused to receive either his letters or his visits.

"Two years and a half elapsed between the period and that of my death. He used to tell me to see him more more in his last moments; but I thought it necessary not to comply with his wish. He died, leaving with him only his domestics, and an old lady, his aunt, of consequence for a long time in the highest circles at the Escurial, near the Chamaux d'Autin. I resided in the Rue de Sourg, near the Abbaye St. Germain. My mother lived with me, and that night we had a little party in supper. We were very gay, and I was singing a lively air, when the clock struck eleven, and the second was ordered by a long and piercing cry of consternation. The company looked aghast: I hastened, and remained for a moment at the door totally inaudible. We then began to reason about the nature of unfounded fears, and I was just going to set a watch in the street in case it were in reality.

"I was repeated very often. All our servants, my friends, my neighbors, even the police, heard the same cry, except at the same hour, always proceeding from under my windows, and appearing to come from the empty cellar. I could not doubt that it was meant entirely for me. I vainly supposed alienated the regular call or, nothing was heard; and several times, when I came home, and was asking my mother and servants if they had heard anything, they uniformly burst forth, as if in the midst of us. One night, the twentieth of the month, my lover had supped, desired to see me safe home. When he was bidding me 'good night' at my door, the cry broke out seemingly from something between him and me. He, like all Paris, was aware of the story: but he was no hanger, and his servants filled him into his carriage more dead than alive.

"Another time, I asked my romance family to accompany me to the Rue St. Honore, to choose some stuffs, and then to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de St. Fonvens, who lived near the Porte Saint-Denis. The ghost story (for it was called) was the subject of not whole conversation. This intelligent young man was struck by my adventure, though he did not believe there was anything supernatural in it. He pressed me to make the phantom, promising to believe if it answered my call. With weak audacity I complied, and suddenly the cry was heard three times with fearful loudness and rapidity. When we arrived at our friend's door both of us were found sensitive in the carriage.

"After this scene I removed for some months without hearing anything. I thought it was all over; but I was mistaken.

"All the public performances had been transferred to Versailles on account of the marriage of the Dauphin. We were to pass three days there, but sufficient lodgings were not provided for us. Madame Gourfeul had pit apartment; and I offered to share with her the room with two beds which had been assigned to me in the avenue at St. Cloud. I gave her one of the beds and took the other. While my maid was undressing to lie down beside me, I said to her, 'We are at the world's end here, and it is dreadful weather; the cry would be somewhat puzzled to get at us.' In a moment it rung through the room. Madame Gourfeul ran in terror from the bed, and sat down in the house, in which nobody closed an eye for the rest of the night. This, however, was the last time the cry was heard.

"Seven or eight days afterwards, while I was chatting with my usual evening circle, the sound of the clock striking eleven was followed by the report of a gun in the next room of the one. We all heard the noise, we all ran to the window-pane, without any one being able to discover from whence it proceeded. This fact ought to be recorded in registers of the police.

"Nothing was heard for some days; but, having been invited by Mademoiselle Dumesnil* to join a little evening party at her house in the *Barriere blanche*, I got into a hackney-coach at eleven o'clock with my servant. It was clear moonlight as we passed along the Boulevards, which were then beginning to be studded with houses. While we were speaking of the fine, brisk night, my maid said, 'Was it not in this neighborhood that the cry used to be heard?' 'From what I have heard,' I answered, 'I think it should be there'—pointing with my finger to a house before us. From that house came the same grumbler that I had heard before. It seemed to proceed from the cellar, and the coachman put off at full speed, thinking we were attacked by robbers. My maid was perfectly overcome with terror. In all it's state of the utmost terror; a belief that our get off as long time."

[Mademoiselle Clarion gives some further details similar to the above, and adds that the incidents related in them were true to a belief. After this, intending to change her residence, she put up for sale the house she was leaving; and many people made the pretext of looking at the apartments to excuse my gratifying themselves in seeing, in her every-day guise, the great tragedian of the Theatre Francais.]

"One day I was told that all had ceased to see my rooms. Having always had a great dislike to the cry, I left the house, to which I never returned. An unaccountable emotion seized me on seeing the house empty, and the consistent that was moved in a similar manner. I begged her to sit down, and we were both silent for some time. At length I spoke, and, after some preparation, I told her that I was certain that the cry was connected with the fate of some person, and that I was sure that the young man's death, or whatever else was the inexplicable cause of the disturbance, was connected with the fate of some person, and that I was sure that the cry was connected with the fate of some person, and that I was sure that the cry was connected with the fate of some person, and that I was sure that the cry